

## THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Saturday, June 27, 1914.

Considering the fluency with which the colonel began ripping into everything and everybody as soon as he got home, we shudder to think what he would have done had his throat been in shape for an extended statement.

Those who make the attempt to cross the Atlantic in the flying boat America may feel reassured on one point which is greatly vexing ordinary navigators these days: They need not slow down in the fog for fear of a midair collision.

We should not feel too sorry for Doc Cook, who is loudly complaining that an effort is being made to suppress him. So long as he continues to draw at the box office he is getting away with what he started out after and is in no need of anybody's sympathy.

Few outside of stockholders and employees shed any tears over what the parcel post did to the express companies, but if the new fangled institution puts our good old friend, the stock, out of business, as suggested by the delivery of a baby at South Bend this week, the country should rise up in protest.

Nobody was surprised when Colonel Roosevelt announced on his arrival from Europe that he will continue to stand by Perkins, despite the attack that has been made upon him by Amos Pinchot and other leaders in the progressive party. He is simply a case of one good turn deserving another.

The story of the wounding of a friend of Mayor Mitchell of New York City while he was carrying "several" of the latter's revolvers from an automobile to the official's home leaves the reader wondering how many guns the mayor thinks it necessary to keep about his person when he goes out in public.

About the most sensible suggestion that has been offered, an adjustment of one labor issue, comes from the Midvale Steel company, a representative of which told the federal commission on industrial relations that his concern would favor a universal eight-hour law, applicable to all states. That would place all employers on an equality. Under present conditions, with a factory in one state paying the same wage for 10 hours that a competing factory in an adjoining state is paying for eight hours, the latter is working under a serious business handicap.

That the driver of an automobile does not always appreciate the responsibility that rests upon him in connection with those who ride with him is apparent from time to time. The other day in the central part of the state a staid and sensible business man driving a car, containing a family party, at moderate speed on a country road forgot the wheel for one instant while he clutched at his hat which the wind had loosened, and in that moment the car went into a ditch, overturned and one of the members of the party was killed and the others injured. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety in automobile travel.

## FREEDOM FOR BUSINESS.

Insistence of freedom for business inspired President Wilson's anti-trust program, now pending in congress, with every prospect of an option. The executive is not seeking to hinder business, as his political opponents are trying to make the country believe. On the contrary, his aim is to help it. One can readily see the president's point of view after looking into the various phases of the most recent New York failure. Here is a case where a big concern extended its domination beyond its legitimate zone, controlling stores in various cities, and through its enormous buying prestige making it difficult for the independent merchant in similar lines to successfully compete with it. Otherwise, it was nothing more than a huge trust, but it bit off more than it could chew, and the inevitable happened.

President Wilson simply is making fight for the business of the entire nation.

## UNCERTAINTY PASSING.

One of the constructive business leaders of New York City is Irving T. Bush, the man who is responsible for the Bush terminal facilities. When Mr. Bush speaks he always says something. Whether his comment is favorable or unfavorable, it always pos-

sesses the stamp of original thinking.

Mr. Bush said a few days ago: "A great deal depends upon crops and confidence. So far as crops are concerned, the Almighty seems to be a democrat this year; and we are at least passing out of a period of uncertainty. Whether we like the tariff or currency changes or not, we now know what they are, and will soon know who will direct the new banking machine. Present evidence points to able men. We will soon have a decision in the application for an advance in railroad rates. If the decision be favorable, some of our most pessimistic friends will lose their best argument. If unfavorable, the railroad officials can save the price of their hotel accommodations in Washington, and get busy handling the crops. We have a pretty definite idea what form the new trust legislation will take, and it does not seem very terrible to any one the 'Get-rich-quick Wallingfords' of the nation. When these factors—tariff, currency, trust legislation, and railroad rates—have passed from the realm of uncertainty, we will have little left to worry us."

## FIGHTING MOSQUITOES.

A group of wealthy residents at Rumson, N. J., have undertaken to rid their neighborhood of mosquitoes. They will dredge out the swamps, eliminating every breeding place within four miles. They figure that the job will require ten years' dredging.

Most communities will regard that as an extreme measure to get rid of mosquitoes—forgetting that the elimination of this pest was the most vital factor in the digging of the Panama canal. The lesson taught there by Colonel Gorgas has had far less general effect than it deserves. Most of us know, vaguely, that mosquitoes are responsible for malaria and yellow fever, but don't do anything about it. As for their irritating bites, we look on them as an inevitable affliction. And that's rather silly.

Not every community can afford an expensive dredging plan, but there is a cheap and simple method within the reach of every family. If you can't drain off the water where the mosquitoes breed, just pour kerosene on it. Oil's the best "skeeter killer" there is. It spreads over the surface of the water in a thin film which chokes the larvae when they come up to breathe. They die instantly. Instead of growing up to bite you on pleasant summer evenings and inoculate you with malaria fever.

## THE SCHOOL ELECTION.

For the annual school election to be held next Tuesday there are four candidates in the field, Allan D. Welch, William H. Thoms, Andrew Olson and Frank Gerlich. At first it was believed that the two first named would have no opposition, but later petitions for the others were filed. Mr. Welch has been a member of the board, and Mr. Thoms was persuaded to become a candidate for the place left vacant by the expiration of the term of A. D. Sperry, who declined to serve longer. Both are well qualified for the office. Mr. Welch being familiar with a number of complicated problems which are now before the board. Both were placed in nomination by petitions numerously signed and by representative voters of all classes. The other two candidates are less well known.

It is hardly necessary to urge upon the school patrons the need for general interest in this as in every other election.

## PERILS OF STOCK RAISING.

The settlement and the development of the west do not appear to have greatly reduced the number of animals that prey upon domestic live stock, and the loss from that source alone runs into the millions of dollars each year. Within the forests, however, the number of domestic animals killed has been appreciably reduced by the service. During the past eight years forest officers have killed over thirty-five thousand predatory animals, consisting of coyotes, wolves, bear, mountain lion, wild cats, lynx, etc.

The losses due to poisonous plants have been in the aggregate the most numerous and the most difficult to guard against. Stockmen knew generally that certain flats or valleys or hillside slopes could not be used for grazing without heavy losses of stock, but there was much doubt as to what caused the loss. Gradually it was determined that the losses were due to various species of plants. Later, it was learned that in most instances these plants while extremely poisonous during certain periods of the year, were comparatively innocuous during the remainder of the grazing season.

The forest officers determined the various plant species which cause death or injury of live stock, the periods during which each species is dangerous, and the areas of forest land upon which the plants are sufficiently abundant to cause losses of stock. The next step was to devise ways and means of preventing the losses. Where definite information is obtainable the outer limits of the poisonous areas are marked by warning placards which give the name of the poisonous plant, the kind of stock to which it is injurious, and the period during which it is most harmful. With this warning, stockmen are enabled to so handle their stock as to prevent the occupancy of the poison area during its danger period.

In cases where the areas of poisonous plants are comparatively small the permittees have been encouraged to fence them, material for fence construction being furnished free of charge by the forest service. The result of this work has been to reduce the number of animals lost through poisonous plants as compared to the numbers lost several years previously.

## Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, June 27.—While the Mexican situation is bringing before the country an object lesson of the tragedy which may follow concentration in land ownership—and that is the real cause of Mexican revolutions—economists are drawing attention to the fact that we Americans have a problem in land concentration on our hands that in actual acreage ranks very well with the problem within the borders of our southern neighbor.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

While land concentration has gone on to an alarming extent in the United States, the matter is not, of course, nearly so acute as in Mexico, where the large land holdings are so great in comparison with the total acreage that millions have been thrown into beggary and penury. But, nevertheless, we have individual holdings as great as those of the great land owners of Mexico.

It is commonly reported that William Randolph Hearst has a 1,000,000-acre ranch in Mexico, but that is a small holding compared with some in this country. Take, for instance, the Miller and Lux estates in California—14,500,000 acres, a veritable empire in itself, occupying one-seventh of the

total territory of California, which is one of the two or three largest states in the union. To get some idea of the size of this area, consider that it is over 14 times as large as the land holdings of the Southern Pacific railroad, which owns 975,127 acres. Yet this latter holding is larger than some entire states of the east.

But there are other immense land holdings in the United States. Three men in Florida own 4,200,000 acres. This is larger than the land holdings of the Madero family in Mexico, and the Maderos were one of the richest families there. Half of the total acreage of Florida is owned by 182 men, whose land holdings aggregate 16,990,000 acres.

Those who have been compiling statistics along this line declare that in a certain seven states of the union 1,802 men own 89,652,000 acres of land. This is concentration which, if carried throughout the United States, would seriously threaten the continuation of peace.

The Southern Pacific railroad's land holdings come to a total of 13,879,932 acres. The Weyerhaeuser lumber interests here said to own over 1,500,000 acres of land. There are single owners of Texas lands who hold as high as 1,000,000 acres.

No bureau of departments in Washington has ever made a study of this concentration of land ownership in the United States. Many members of congress think there ought to be a commission to investigate large land holdings in every state in the union, and it would not be surprising if such a commission were created in the near future.

## TROGLODYTES OF TRIPOLI

They Live Underground, Some of Them, Never Seeing Daylight.

In the region of Gharian, in the hinterland of Tripoli, there is an invisible town with 7,000 inhabitants. This city of the Troglydites was visited by Miss Ethel Braun and is described by her in her book, "The New Tripoli."

This city is excavated out of rock and earth. Its inhabitants live underground, some of them never coming to the surface. "The richer ones," writes Miss Braun, "are born in these dim dwellings, never leaving them until they are carried out to be buried." The rich families have, however, one reception room over the ground at a height of six or seven feet.

Describing the Troglydite prison, Miss Braun tells of an Italian lady's experience while visiting the female prisoners.

"They had never seen a European woman before and asked her to take off her hat. No sooner had she done so than in a twinkling all her hairpins were pulled out, to be kept as souvenirs by the women, who looked upon them as most precious mementoes."

The friendly Troglydites made Arab tea for Miss Braun, "abai, as it is called, made with powdered tea and much, very much, sugar, so that it tastes just like a sirup," and they

were very excited at the event of her visit.

## Elephant and Tiger Enmity.

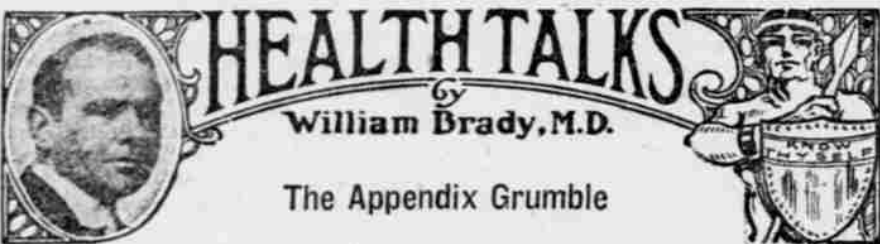
One of the most interesting employments of the elephant is in hunting tigers. From the lofty back of his elephant, at a height which, increased by the howdah, may be 12 or 14 feet above the ground, the hunter can take his aim at a tiger with a coolness that he would not possess if facing the animal on terra firma. If, as sometimes occurs, the tiger makes a leap for the elephant he seldom succeeds in attacking the man in the howdah, although the driver in his exposed position on the elephant's neck, is in greater danger.

There seems to be a natural enmity between elephants and tigers, although an elephant will not attack a tiger unless cornered or compelled to do so by the tiger's own fault. But then a good fighting elephant will if he can once get his tusks to bear on his enemy gore him to death or literally crush him by kneeling on him. It is said that the mere presence of a dead tiger will drive some elephants to fury.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

## A Financial Genius.

"Pa, will you please tell me what a financial genius is?"

"A financial genius, my child, is a man who can spend money that he has never had and which the people who think they are getting it will never see."—Chicago Record-Herald.



"Stomach ache," "intestinal indigestion" and "gas colic" are scarcely respectable symptoms for a grown-up to complain of any more. These troubles are properly grouped with "children's diseases," and any well nourished, apparently healthy adult person who holds himself out as suffering from such symptoms does so at the risk of his verminiform appendix.

Of course, an adult of strong will and obstinate character may call the doctor out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning to stop a pain from—oh, anything the cook may have been trying out on him. But at the same time the modern physician, hurrying to the bedside at unseemly hours of the night, always has a suspicion that the patient possesses a perfectly useless organ somewhere in his midriff.

Although most young housewives unquestionably do use very tough flour in their earlier experiments upon the human race, nevertheless an attack of pain in the middle of the night, when severe enough to get the doctor out of bed, is at least presumptive evidence of a worthless appendix. In early adult life, about the time the wisdom teeth begin to cause trouble, the tonsils and the appendix begin to undergo a process of involution or gradual disappearance. The tonsils generally make a fairly good job of it, but the appendix is apt to grumble a great deal about being pensioned off so young. It is this grumbling that masquerades in many cases as "intestinal indigestion" or "gas colic."

The explanation for colicky pains and so-called indigestion in such cases is that the fibrous tissue of the appendix pinches delicate nerves in contracting, and the injured nerves refer the matter to the stomach or the bowel, much as a blow on your

Dr. Brady will answer all questions pertaining to health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Brady will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnoses. Address all letters to Dr. William Brady, care of The Argus, Rock Island, Ill.

## The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

PROFITABLE CHEER



Oh, the world's a dreary, dismal place  
When things are going wrong;  
No beauty brightens any face,  
No gladness any song;  
When ill luck spends the day with us,  
Or trouble fares away with us,  
The miles are rough and long.

When good luck goes along with us  
The few things that are wrong with us  
Are kept well out of sight.

Oh, few the words of praise we hear  
When sadness weighs us down;  
Our friends depart as if in fear,  
Or, while they listen, frown;  
They have no time to spare with us,  
Nor any cheer to share with us,  
Who wear the thorny crown.

Oh, glad men greet us everywhere  
When we have cause for grief;  
Our friends help make our pathways fair  
When we from cares are free;  
When luck's sweet cup is full for us,  
Our friends are glad to pull for us,  
Whatever our worth may be.

Oh, glad the greetings that we get  
When we have cause to smile;  
So why not cease to frown or fret,  
And cling to pleasing glee?  
When all the ways seem clear for us  
The world will always cheer for us—  
Let's feel the world a while.

Had His Honor Guessing.

"Judge," said the dance hall hero as he led the eager tangoist into the hall of justice, "we want you to do us a little favor, see? Here's ten bones, and if it ain't enough, spiel, see? Me and the lady wants a quiet little wedding. Can you hand it to us?"

"I can marry you," the judge replied, "but—"

"What's wrong? Ain't our license all right?"

"Yes, but I was wondering how you could have a quiet wedding in those clothes."

## HIS FOOLISH FEAR.

"Would you marry a man whose income was under \$5,000 a year?" he asked.

"How much under?" she replied.

"Well, quite a bit."

"Is it between \$3,000 and \$5,000?"

"I might put it that way."

"Dearest! Why did you think I would let money stand in the way?"

Undying Hatred.  
"I hate that man."  
"Why?"  
"Because he plagues me."  
"Has he ever been your wife's husband?"

"No, it isn't that. I once got into an argument with a driver at a street crossing. This man was there and heard what the driver said to me. It was not until the next day that I thought of the answer I wanted to make."

Ground and Lofly.  
A pretty girl  
In fluffs and lace;  
A hammock in  
A shady place.

A bumble bee  
In search of sweets;  
A maiden do  
Ing wondrous feats.

Too Commonplace.  
"What's your act?" asked the vaudeville manager.  
"I have trained a couple of apes to dance the tango. It's a great novelty and ought to go big."

"Novelty nothing. You can see apes dancing the tango almost anywhere."

No Hope for Them.  
"Do you agree with the professor who says women get the worst of it in this world?"

"I do, but how are we going to change the situation as long as they will not learn to quit stepping off backward from moving cars?"

Isn't It Awful?  
The barber informs us that owing to the increased cost of living he finds it necessary to scrape closely and carefully and that he frequently has to split hairs to get out even.

Plain Enough.  
"I thought you said you had gone in for light housekeeping?"

"We have. Can't you see that it is necessary to keep the gas burning or the electric lights going here all the time?"

More Curiosity.  
"They say," said Mrs. Rounderleigh, "the cuisine at the Blackwood is excellent."

"Do they?" replied Mrs. Widcombe. "Who's playing the leading part in it?"

It is far better that we trust and be deceived occasionally than not to trust at all. Not only must we trust one another, but there are many things in life that we must take on trust—things that we do not understand and are mysteries to us. Even love is a mystery.—W. J. Bryan.

## The Daily Story

A Commune Girl—By F. A. Mitchell.

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I am now an old man—a very old man. The middle of my life is what the hub is to the wheel. As all parts of the wheel center in the hub, so all parts of my existence point to the time of the war of my country with Prussia, the siege of Paris, the army of Germans marching through the city, the uprising of the commune, its brief and aimless reign, its fall.

In 1870 I was working in my vineyard in the department of Indre. I had no natural taste for war, and since my parents, who were very old, needed me I did not enlist in the army. But when Paris was besieged I was conscripted. Having been sent to the capital, I was put in the defenses on Mount Valerian and was soon wounded by a fragment of a shell. This transferred me to a hospital.

I lay on my cot in a stupor. Presently opening my eyes, I looked up into the face of a woman. It seemed to me that a window of heaven had opened and an angel was looking down upon me. And, oh, the pity there was in that countenance! It seemed that it was not for me alone, but for all who suffered for France. It was the face of youth, that youth in which noble sentiments so easily take a strong hold, youth that does not reason, but feels. In that countenance I seemed to see an impersonation of the spirit of altruism.

When she withdrew I followed her with my eyes. She went from cot to cot, leaving in her wake what she had left with me. Her figure was like her step was quick. She seemed to have much to do. The beautiful sympathy there was in her was for all, and to distribute it she must be always moving.

I lay on my cot for weeks listening to a sullen booming of distant guns.

THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN APPEARED ON ITS CREST.

I wished that I might be discharged from the hospital—not that I might take my place again behind the defenses, but that I might get another view of that devoted face. And, when I had seen it once, surely I would want never to cease to see it.

I did not recover till the Prussians had marched away. Then one day, leaning on a cane, I went forth on to the street, ignorant of the fact that the commune had risen and was fighting for the possession of the capital.

Meeting a man whose blouse marked him as a workman, I asked him what was the situation.

"The Germans are gone," he said. "Some workmen have taken possession of Montmartre and have cannon there. Troops were sent to drive them away, but the troops would not fight against the workmen."

Later I learned that the commune had risen against the national assembly and the president of the provisional government. I well remember the siege sustained by the communists against the national army, the assassination of Generals Thomas and Le Comte, the murder of the archbishop of Paris and others whom they held as hostages. Then when they found that the troops of the regular constituted authority were about to overpower them they attempted to destroy Paris since they could not hold it.

While all this was going on I went about looking for her who had passed through the hospital leaving hope, courage, all that was good and virtuous and strong, in her trail. I did not see her. Then came a horrible thought. Had she been sacrificed to that spirit of vandalism which hovered over Paris at the hands of the commune? Alas, it was impossible that such purity could live amid such barbarity. She must have perished protesting against the enemies about her.

Hearing that a mob had gathered in the Place Vendôme, I went there, moved by a desire to see what new iconoclasm would be perpetrated. Pushing my way through the crowd, I entered a building, determined to reach a window above from which I could see what was going on. I succeeded, and the whole of the open square, filled with a howling multitude, was spread before me. Presently an opening was made, and a knot of men, preceded by a woman who was egging them on, approached the column in the center of the square. She, a lithe, delicate figure, turned her face toward me.

Horror of horrors! She was the girl who had bent over me in the hospital. A rope was produced and fixed

around the column. I saw an excited crowd pulling on the rope, and among the number was the girl of whom I had been dreaming.

And yet my reverence for her was not changed to antagonism. Rather, I felt for her the sympathy she had shown for me. I saw in her a noble soul, but one perverted. That great sympathy which was a part of her nature for the world's unfortunate, the poor, those who toll, yet never reach affluence, had been turned away. A power for good, it had become a power for evil.

And were not these wretches, inflamed by hate, by despair, by a failure to reach that ignis fatuus they had been following, to destroy what they could not turn to their comfort, also to be pitied?

The next time I saw this girl of the commune it was night. I was standing before a burning building. A red flame shot out, throwing a bloodlike glare over a sea of darkness. A woman stood on a box addressing those immediately about her. She was the girl I had seen in the hospital and at the pulling down of the Vendôme column. I could not hear her words, but on her face was the expression of one working in a holy cause. And yet there was now more of the militant than of the angel. Under the strain the wild beast that lurks in our natures was coming to the front.

Meanwhile I had become strong enough to do my part in re-establishing order. I took my place among the regular troops who were fighting their way through the streets of the capital. One day we were led up to a barricade behind which the communists were evidently bent on making a desperate stand. In the narrow street was no room for us to deploy, though we were armed as much as possible, and we were at a great disadvantage, presenting a compact target for those who fought behind heaped cobblestones. When we came within range we received a storm of bullets which laid many of us on the street.

But we pressed on and were about to proceed to carry the barricade by storm when the figure of a woman appeared on its crest, a sword in one hand, a pistol in the other. She was half turned from us, urging those beneath her on the other side to come up and meet our expected attack. Then she turned and glared at us.

The figure was that of the girl of the hospital; the face had become that of the girl of the commune. She was the impersonation of hate. Yet she was a woman, and none of our men would fire on her. My reverence for her was gone, but in its place had come a profound regret. I seemed to see an angel from heaven turned into a demon from hell.

Despite her efforts—and for a time they were successful in holding her men to the defense of the barricade—we captured it, and she was among the prisoners. There was none of that submissive spirit apparent in her pertaining to the Christian martyr; there were rebellion, hate, the fierceness of a tigress who had been defending her cubs and seen them slaughtered. She was sent under guard to prison, and I, one of her conquerors, was sent to take her there.

Short work was made of the communists once they were in the power of the legitimate government. Those who were captured with arms or whose hands indicated that they had been working on the barricades were lined up against a wall and shot down without mercy. I was in the firing squad that ended the career of the girl of the commune. She would not keep her face to the wall, but turned toward us.

At the last the spirit of evil that had grown up within her during the struggle passed and was replaced by an expression of one who was about to die in a noble work. She was again the angel of peace and good will. She had become at the last the martyr.

When we marched away from that scene, destined to remain stamped in my mind during my life, the bullet that I was ordered to send to the girl of the commune was still in the barrel of my gun.

When peace came again to Paris I returned to my home, where I have since lived in quiet. But the latter part of my worldly existence has been far different from the first. In my day dreams and in my night dreams those scenes of the struggle of a social substratum come back to me, and I wonder whether I was on the right or the wrong side. That struggle was but the recurrence of others of its kind that had preceded it. Is the world becoming more sympathetic with such movements, or is the social substratum becoming more powerful through organization?

But these questions are with me of little import compared with that one human soul who was moved to action by a divine sympathy, that took on during the contest the grim ugliness of conflict, and who in the face of death returned to its original divine instincts.

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